

No freshmen until November

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Summary: "They're like puppies, you don't want to let them into the house until they're potty trained. Otherwise they'll pee on your carpet, and that smell never comes out." Aubrey lectures. Chloe looks skeptically at her friend, "I'm pretty sure that carpet bit wouldn't actually happen with a freshman." BECHLOE story about the age difference between the two

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*A/N- This is a relatively short Bechloe story (like 3-4 chapters) about the age difference between the two of them. Mostly cute and fluffy. \*\*

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><p>"Remind me what the rule is with freshmen, not until October?"<p>

"November." Aubrey chuckles, "No freshmen until November."

Chloe bites her lip but nods.

"They're like puppies, you don't want to let them into the house until they're potty trained. Otherwise they'll pee on your carpet, and that smell never comes out." Aubrey lectures, trying to get a tall brunette girl to take a flyer for the Bellas.  
>Chloe looks at her friend, the analogy had held up right until the final stretch, "I'm pretty sure that carpet bit wouldn't actually happen with a freshman."<p>

Aubrey grimaces pointedly at some boys horsing around on the green with a frisbee, "I wouldn't be so sure."

They let the subject slide while they continue passing out fliers for

the Bellas- or rather trying to pass out fliers, they aren't exactly in high demand. It only pops back up that evening while the two are eating Chinese take out in the apartment they share just off campus.

"Tell me you aren't interested in one of those frisbee toting numbskulls." Aubrey asks out of the blue.

"Aca-scuse me?"

"The freshman you were asking about!" Aubrey clucks, pointing an accusatory chopstick at Chloe, "At the org fair, you totally were checking someone out."

The redhead blushes, "No, of course it wasn't."

"Then which piece of freshmeat caught your eye?"

Chloe shrugs, "It's nobody."

Aubrey spares her best friend one final measuring glance before nodding and dropping it for now. She knows that if it should come to anything, she'll be the first person Chloe tells.

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Chloe doesn't tell Aubrey about the broody brunette she had talked with at the Org Fair. She doesn't bring up the way the girl's eyes looked right through her. Chloe doesn't say anything about how adorable she found the way that the girl would duck her head and blush.

Chloe does tell Aubrey about Tim (or is it Tom?). He's a freshman from Texas, and Chloe easily adds him to her collection of booty calls. Aubrey rolls her eyes at the news, and laughs as Chloe details how his abs on the left side are larger than those on the right and his junk is 'impressive but a little crooked'.

She doesn't ask Chloe for further explanation.

Tim (Tom) is the reason that Chloe finds herself in the dorm showers. Ever since moving out with Aubrey in their junior year, she had been determined to never return to those unsanitary communal hellholes, but she is a woman with needs. As much as she hates to admit it, Aubrey is right about freshmen being clingy, and Chloe always finds it best to keep them on their own territory rather than bring them onto hers.

She is laughing, happily breaking the 'two feet per stall' rule of dorm showers with Tim (Tom) when she hears someone with an amazing voice singing her lady jam. She is almost content to just listen to the building of the song and keep having her way with the muscular freshman until the sudden thought of Aubrey pops into her head- which, she'll admit is a weird thought, but they're best friends, and she's not thinking of the blonde like that. But all morning Aubrey had been grouching how they still hadn't recruited enough girls to audition for the Bellas.

So without a second thought, she presses a hot kiss to Tim's (Tom's) mouth and pats him on the cheek before stepping away, "Don't go

anywhere." She winks and quickly makes her way to the adjacent shower stall.

She bursts in with a smile only to be confronted with the object of her Org Fair affections blushing and trying to cover up. Chloe watches the younger girl turn deep red and try to preserve her modesty, it's adorable. The sight makes Chloe want to pinch the girl's cheeks and push her up against the wall simultaneously. It's a confusing feeling for the redhead.

Later that day when she is recounting the story of how she got a potential new Bella to Aubrey over dinner, the blonde doesn't bat an eyelash at the beginning of Chloe having a steamy shower encounter with Tim (Tom). It's not the first time she's listened to the Sexual Adventures of Chloe Beale, and she's sure it won't be the last, but when Chloe then goes on to say how she barged in on Beca's shower, Aubrey has to interrupt.

"You did what to her?"

"Nothing!" Chloe replies immediately, "I didn't even touch her! I just had to talk to her and get her to audition."

Aubrey tries, and fails, to keep herself from rolling her eyes. She drops her head into her hand as Chloe just keeps going, "She said she would audition."

"Brilliant."

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Beca auditions, and she gets into the Bellas easily. On Hood Night, Chloe gets hammered. Partly, she wants to blame her desire to drink so heavily on the stress that the first week of classes has brought upon her (senior year is proving more difficult than she had anticipated), but mainly, Chloe knows she's drinking so desperately to forget that when she pulled Beca's hood off her head during initiation, the brunette was just the perfect height for Chloe to swoop in and press a kiss to her lips (which she didn't do).

For the social being she is, she doesn't normally get this drunk unless it's at one of their Bellas only bonding nights, and Aubrey does her very best job of babysitting the redhead. She does her best job of babysitting all of the Bellas really, it's the freshmen's first college party and the aca-boys are not to be trusted.

Beca does not get wasted. She has one lukewarm beer delivered curtosey of Jesse, and spends most of her night talking with Stacie and the other Bellas. She is standing near Aubrey on the steps when Chloe comes up to her, unsteadily. She grabs Beca's hands and leans in entirely too close.

Beca doesn't exactly hear what the redhead is telling her, because all she can process is that she can feel the warm puff of Chloe's breath against her face, and she can smell the woman's perfume and it should be illegal for people to smell that good, and the senior is touching her. Not just touching her, but holding onto her with a firm grip Beca isn't sure she could get out of if she wanted to.

When Chloe finally moves away, and Beca tells her to 'make good

choices', Aubrey can't help but smile. Because even if her best friend is three years older than this girl, she's clearly not the more responsible one tonight. The smile doesn't last long though, as she watches Chloe turn and shake her booty a little at the freshman before sauntering away with a look that she knows all too well.

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><p><strong>AN- Next chapter to come soon, let me know what you thought. \*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*A/N- Thanks for reading/ reviewing, as promised here's chapter two up nice and quickly. \*\*

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><p>Chloe flirts shamelessly with Beca. But she does that with most people so it's alright. Well it's alright except that most people don't blush when she winks at them, most people don't snap their eyes to the ground when they're caught watching her during rehearsals, and she doesn't go out of her way to make physical contact with most people.<p>

Chloe thinks nothing of it, but Aubrey sees the danger from a mile away. She lays it out clearly for Chloe one day at a Bella's sleepover. Chloe has claimed the center of one length of the L couch, Aubrey is in the bend directly in the middle with perfect television viewing potential. Chloe has trapped Beca on the other end of the couch.

Aubrey is trying very hard not to feel slighted because normally when they watch movies, Chloe cuddles into her side, head on her shoulder, arm curled around her bicep. Now however, Chloe is sitting as close as she possibly can to Beca , one leg tucked under her on the couch so her thigh is pressed against the brunette's, her head is lying on Beca's shoulder, and the little freshman is sitting as still as humanly possible.

When Chloe rests one of her hands on Beca's thigh and slides it halfway up under the guise of readjusting her position, Aubrey shoots up, "Chloe, kitchen."

"It's the middle of the movie, Bree." The redhead says innocently.

"Now, Chloe." Aubrey leaves no room for debate. The rest of the Bellas shoot their co-captains questioning looks, but nobody says anything as Chloe trails Aubrey down the hall.

Once they're alone, Aubrey rounds on her friend.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Following you into the kitchen, what do you want?" Chloe responds with a coy expression, she knows exactly what Aubrey is getting at.

"Don't play dumb, Beale. You're trying to seduce Beca."

"Ok, you're not allowed to use that word."

"You're not denying it."

Chloe runs her hand through her hair, "It doesn't matter, she's too oblivious to notice."

"The poor girl would need to be blind not to notice."

"What?"

Aubrey groans, her friend isn't getting it, "Do you remember when we were freshmen and you had that massive crush on Brandon Schmidt?"

"Yeah."

"And what happened?"

"We had sex a few times and then he graduated." Chloe says, smirking a bit at the memory.

"Get your mind out of the gutter." Aubrey rolls her eyes, "What happened before that?"

"What are you getting at?" Chloe asks, giving up.

"I'm getting at the nothing that happened before the exactly three times you hooked up and then felt the need to tell me about in graphic detail. And you know why that nothing happened? Because he was a senior and you were intimidated as hell!"

"I was not-"

"He said jump and you asked how high."

Chloe blushes, knowing how right her friend is, "So what?"

"So you even think about jumping, and Beca's already pulling out a trampoline."

A silence falls between them. When Chloe draws her lip between her teeth, Aubrey knows that she's won.

"Be careful with her. As badass as she wants to pretend she is, she's just a kid."

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Chloe does her very best after that warning to stop this flirting game she's started with Beca. When she catches herself holding Beca's hand when they're walking to rehearsal she drops it, she really does try, and she must make at least some progress because Beca notices.

She corners the redhead after rehearsal one day when she's scribbling some notes on her set list on top of the piano.

Beca waits until all the Bellas file out before she makes her presence known.

"What's up Beale?"

Chloe jumps, spinning around to see Beca standing much too close for her comfort.

"What? Nothing. I mean, what-" Chloe babbles at the way Beca is staring entirely too hard at her.

"Ok, weird." Beca says shaking her head, "Did something happen?"

"Nope, nothing's happened."

"Ok, because you've been avoiding me like Fat Amy avoids real cardio."

"No I haven't." Chloe says all too quickly.

"Sure." Beca smirks, stepping in closer so the redhead is backed against the piano, "Because it really seems like you've been avoiding me." Beca finishes her sentence when she's as close as she can possibly be without touching Chloe.

Chloe's mouth runs dry at the proximity, and she can't find the words she needs to say. She needs to take a step back, and diffuse the situation before something happens that can't happen. She has to tell Beca that this is wrong, but she can't.

She can't say anything when Beca leans in closer and flicks her eyes between Chloe's lips and her blue eyes. She can't say anything when Beca leans in and presses their lips together in a quick kiss.

When she pulls back, she catches her lower lip between her teeth and the look on her face absolutely wrecks Chole. She is so uncertain, like Chloe can crush her with one word, like she's powerless, like she just took the biggest leap of faith and she's just begging Chloe to catch her.

So she does. She cups Beca's cheek and kisses her again, smiling and trying to reassure the younger girl. Chloe wonders who is supposed to reassure her.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*A/N- Thanks for reading and reviewing. Hope you all enjoy.\*\*

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><p>They date, and it's great in the way that it takes the Bellas forever to realize it since them dating is basically the exact same as them just friends aside from the kissing and the touching, but that only ever happens when they're alone anyway so it's not like the Bellas have any extra indication.<p>

When they do find out, there's a chorus of wolf whistles, Stacie

collects some money on a bet over if the two would ever get together, and Fat Amy makes a joke about Chloe robbing the cradle that makes Beca blush bright red.

Everything is great, and most of the time Chloe forgets that Beca's a freshman. Most of the time, like the time that Beca has spent the night at Aubrey and Chloe's apartment (as she has been doing more often than not recently). Chloe is woken by the smell of breakfast cooking, she disentangles herself from her sleeping brunette, pulls on a t-shirt and shorts, and wanders down the hall to find Aubrey standing over the stove flipping pancakes.

Chloe smirks a little bit when she sees the banana peels piled up next to the bowl of batter- banana pancakes are Beca's favorite. As much as Aubrey likes to put on a show of gripping about Beca overrunning the apartment, Chloe knows deep down her best friend has a soft spot for the freshman.

"Morning." Aubrey greets cheerily when she catches sight of her roommate.

"Hey." Chloe smiles, she pours out two cups of coffee, adding cream and sugar to one, setting it aside, and sipping the other straight black. She sits on the edge of the counter next to the stove, "Big plans for the day?"

"I'm thinking a run by the lake, but I've got a massive paper to finish so it looks like a boring Saturday for me."

Chloe grunts in response, stealing the bowl of batter and dipping her finger in for a taste. Aubrey shakes her head, knowing that if she tries to chastise the girl it will do no good.

"How about you and short stack?"

"I don't know. Probably nothing big, Beca said she just wanted to relax this weekend, she had a stressful week."

As if she knew they were talking about her, Beca appears from the hallway, her hair a complete mess, and her eyes still blurry with sleep. Chloe smiles at how young her girlfriend looks like this, so far removed from the badass she normally pretends to be.

Without a word, she holds out the coffee she had prepared earlier to Beca who gratefully sips it. She stands between Chloe's legs, and leans back against her.

When she tries to sneak a finger into the pancake batter for a taste, Aubrey smacks her on the back of the hand with a smirk. Beca grumbles, but Chloe can see the trace of a smile on her girlfriend's face.

The three of them eat breakfast quietly before Aubrey ducks out for her run. Chloe and Beca end up staying in, Chloe reading on the couch with Beca's feet in her lap while the DJ works on some mixes for her next set at the station.

Everything is perfectly relaxed until Beca's phone buzzes, and buzzes, and buzzes. Eventually Chloe's curiosity gets the best of her, "Who is texting you?"

"Stacie, and Amy, they're at Spring Day."

Chloe smiles at her memories of Spring Day, it's basically field day for college students with popcorn, inflatable obstacle courses, and music. But then she remembers herself, "Do you want to go to Spring Day?"

"No." Beca replies, setting her computer aside, and sneaking across the couch to straddle her girlfriend's lap, "I'd rather stay here with you." She smirks before pulling Chloe's book out of her hands and tossing it to the other end of the couch.

Chloe lets Beca kiss her, she tangles her fingers through Beca's hair and pulls her in closer. She loves feeling the way the younger girl moves against her, kissing Becca is unlike kissing anyone else. But despite all of this, the kiss is tinged with the smallest note of regret, Chloe can't help but feel like she's holding Beca back.

She should be bright eyed and bushy tailed, she should be going to the school events with the other freshmen, she shouldn't be hiding away with Chloe. The redhead knows there is nothing that could make Beca bright eyed and bushy tailed, but she should at least have someone dragging her out to these events.

As she feels Beca catch her bottom lip between her teeth, she feels the smallest bit guilty, like she's stealing Beca away. Never has the term 'cradle robber' felt more accurate.

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Chloe has become spoiled as a senior. She's forgotten the hardships of living in a dorm, and though she had been hooking up with various underclassmen for the past two years, she had still been able to ignore the unpleasantness of regular dorm life. She left before morning came, or before she sobered up entirely, or really within thirty minutes of the conclusion of their (as Aubrey liked to call them) 'Sexual Exploits'.

So when after the first time she spends the night in Beca's dorm room, nearly a month into their relationship, she is initially confused when she wakes up with a wicked back cramp. She would never complain about the twin sized dorm beds when the cramped conditions force Beca to cuddle with her all night (the brunette is notorious for escaping Chloe's hold in the middle of the night when they sleep in Chloe's bigger bed). She would, however, complain about the lack of support the school issued plastic-ey mattresses provided.

She is just sitting up to complain about that very fact when she realizes she is alone. For a split second she thinks she sees movement across the room, and she clutches the sheet tight to her chest out of fear it is Kimmy Jin, but it turns out to be nothing. Chloe is alone.

She begins to worry, thinking that perhaps Beca freaked out and left in the middle of the night, but that doesn't make sense. They have been together for over a month at this point, and they are in the brunette's room.

Chloe rolls out of bed, grimacing at the cold hardwood floor under



her bare feet. She pulls on a shirt from Beca's drawer, it's a jersey that's far too long on the brunette but just barely covers Chloe's ass. She paces up and down the small space a couple of times before dropping onto the bed in defeat.

She lays flat on her back waiting.

It is only a matter of seconds before Chloe hears scratching against the door, she props herself up on her elbows, looking skeptically at the door before it opens to reveal Beca trying to juggle two steaming mugs while turning the handle.

Chloe smiles as Beca set the mugs down on her desk, "You were still asleep and I wanted to get you some coffee."

"That's sweet." Chloe stands to kiss Beca softly before looking at the mugs, "This is just hot water."

"Right, hang on." Beca rummages through her desk and comes up with a plastic container, she scoops out two spoonfuls of dark granules into each mug, and stirs them around a bit, "I ran out of sugar." She says, pulling her bottom lip between her teeth uncertainly.

"That's alright, I prefer it black anyway." Chloe smiles, accepting the cup of instant coffee.

She feels Beca's eyes on her while she takes her first sip. It is absolutely disgusting, she hasn't had to drink instant coffee since she was a freshman, and even then, she never was good at dealing with it. But with Beca watching her like that, she pulls her lips into her best smile, "Thanks."

Beca's grin is earsplitting as she drinks her own. Chloe watches the freshman over the top of her cup, how could she ever say no to her looking so hopeful and proud like that?

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><p><strong>AN- Let me know what you thought!\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*A/N- This should be the last chapter, thanks for reading along. Also to the reviewer who said that three years isn't that big of a difference: I totally agree, but when those three years are the difference between a freshman and senior in college, it can be worlds apart.\*\*

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><p>Every Thursday night is 'spin night' at the radio station. Or rather, it's the one night a week that the station is trusted to the freshmen. As such it's turned into a weekly low key party in which Beca, Jesse, and some other freshmen involved with the radio station get shit faced with the alcohol Luke gets for them.<p>

When Beca and Chloe start dating, the brunette naturally invites her girlfriend to spin night. Chloe plays along, she lets Beca show her off, she thinks it's adorable how proud Beca is of her.

Except tonight they'd been arguing before spin night. The argument was stupid, and honestly, Chloe knows it will blow over by the morning, but she is already primed when Beca comes over with two cans of beer, one held out for Chloe.

"We're playing True American." Beca offers.

Chloe nods, she knows that she can't just sulk in a corner, so when Jesse yells, "One, two, three, four, JFK!"

She responds (along with the everyone else) with "FDR!" and chugs the beer Beca had given to her. That complete, all of them sprint to the center table, grab another beer, and jump onto the nearest object as the game begins.

Chloe lets herself forget the anger she had been holding against Beca for the better part of the couple of hours they all jump around the station avoiding the 'molten lava' floor, she drinks- a lot. Throughout it, she tries counting how many beers she had finished, but she loses count quickly.

When she is trying to make her way with some semblance of coordination from a table onto a stool so she can get one step closer to winning, Jesse makes a move for the same stool. What results is both of them trying to balance on it, Jesse (the clearly less drunk of the two) holds onto Chloe's hips to keep the redhead from falling off.

The older girl laughs, letting her hands fall on Jesse's chest to hold her balance. They stand, waiting for the chance to make another move from their tight position when an empty beer can comes out of nowhere, smacking Jesse on the back of the head and toppling them both off the stool into a jumbled mess on the floor.

Chloe doesn't have to wait long to see who has thrown the beer can when suddenly a drunk Beca is standing over the two of them, "What the hell Jesse?" She yelled.

"What're you talking about Beca?" He shoots back as he and Chloe pull themselves up.

"You had your hands all over Chloe!"

"Seriously?" The redhead interjects, "We were trying not to fall off that damn stool!"

"But he-"

Chloe rolls her eyes, "You're drunk and being ridiculous Beca."

"No I'm not!"

Chloe half growls and turns on her heel, stomping out of the studio. Beca follows close behind, "Chloe, just wait and listen to me."

The redhead makes it all the way out the door of the station before Beca catches up to her, "Chlo, would you just talk to me? Why are you so mad?"

"Because you do things like that! Impulsive, and ridiculous, and- and- childish!" Chloe yells, she knows that she doesn't really mean it, but she is drunk, and she is angry and the words are just coming out.

"Childish?"

>"Yes Beca! You're childish! You can't talk about your emotions, you get jealous for no reason, you're a child." She paces away from her girlfriend, running a hand through her hair.<p>

"No I'm not." Beca pouts, she is drunk, and she has the worst kind of sad expression on her face that is winning her no points.

"Yes you are. You throw things when you're angry, and you play this ridiculous drinking game! True American doesn't even make sense!"

"Is this really about the game?" The brunette asks, confused.

"No, it's the principle of the game, Beca!" Chloe says, striding back until she is right in front of the DJ, "It's the fact that you need some stupid game to get drunk. If I want to drink, I'll just walk down to the liquor store and buy some alcohol and drink it, because I don't have to worry about someone spotting my fake ID!"

"So that's what it's about?"

"Yes!"

Beca swallows harshly, "I'm sorry my being a child is getting in your way." She says before turning on her heel and stalking away towards her dorm, swaying a little unsteadily on the way.

"Beca, come back. You know I didn't mean it like that!"

Chloe follows Beca all the way back to her dorm, she apologizes and asks her for forgiveness. Beca listens and tries to communicate her insecurities about their age difference, they both cry a little bit, and Beca lets Chloe spoon her when they squish into her twin xl.

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Chloe is chopping vegetables in the small kitchen of Beca's suite. The DJ lives there with Stacie, it's two single rooms that share a bathroom and the small kitchenette. She's a junior at Barden, and the only reason she's still living on campus is because she tried living with Chloe and Aubrey in their apartment. The three of them all made due for the nearly two months over the summer, but Beca and Aubrey nearly killed each other. Literally. Beca got four stitches, and Aubrey now has a scar on her elbow.

It's a regular Thursday night, and Chloe has decided to cook them both dinner, she and Aubrey are both in grad school at Barden, and the redhead has decided she will be avoiding the dining halls at all costs to avoid the salty excuse or food.

"-so then Stacie and Amy decided to hide in the bleachers the entire time the Bellas were supposed to be doing laps. As much as I hate to admit it, Bree might have known what she was talking about with her

scare tactics."

"Shit!" Chloe cries suddenly, dropping her knife and jumping nearly a foot in the air.

"What is it?"

Chloe cradles a hand to her chest, bouncing on the balls of her feet, "I nicked my hand." She hisses, sure enough, blood is trickling from a small cut on the redhead's palm.

"Crap, hang on." Beca hands her a paper towel to press to the injury, "We should have bandaids in the bathroom." She says before scampering off to look.

The redhead continues bouncing, biting her lip to stifle the pain until Beca comes sprinting back, "There's no band aids, but I've got it covered!"

"Who doesn't own band aids?"

"I don't know, I guess they just weren't essential before."

"They're a common household item Beca!"

The DJ runs a hand through her hair, "Do you really want to do this now?"

Chloe rolls her eyes but holds out her hand for Beca. The brunette catches her tongue between her teeth as she inspects the cut, it's only about an inch long and not too terribly deep. She pulls out a napkin and carefully winds it around Chloe's palm, securing it in place with two rounds of duck tape.

Once she's satisfied with her work, Beca presses a kiss to the duct tape and smiles proudly at her handiwork. Chloe gives one look to the shoddy medical care, and can't help but burst out laughing.

Because Beca is unbelievable and Beca is young. Beca doesn't own band aids, but she's one of the most independent people Chloe's ever met.

Beca is ridiculous, but she's Chloe's.

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><p><strong>AN- drop a final review, berate me for ending this story so soon, give me an idea for a new story, tell me a knock knock joke, whatever you want really.\*\*

End  
file.